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*the intersection where voyeurism
meets the sick-fugue*

we must unplug ourselves
unconscious at delta

we met in a sick building
trouble all over the face

the men gathered and tweezed the blood fluke
from the house girl's throat

the cat performed a protective function
soaked up the gamma, theta, delta

it will be years before I understand
how to redress the failures

at the bridge at Waterman's quarter
we were warned

the war is not in the air
it is deep in our bone marrow

downstream. in the reeds
careless with our bodies

weeping & welting
it was a turning on myself

an unworlding of heartache
an ending of gestural life

*a Spinozian view of being a
maternal substance*

sex drive as a pathology of empty phrases
love, what foul play

so impish and unrelenting
I was your girl but only with mannerisms

what do we hold in our bodies
so many sick hearts

let noise emerge from hardship
little house-girl

collapsed on one side
you can't get out of the disease state

unless you have lived in it
pulse therapy for the house girl

in the absence of remission
organise the body according to the pluralist culture

a pretty demon
enters the house-girl

unprepared and exhausted
with socio-spatial anxieties

with a heavy jaw, & heft word play
it isn't a secret that I feel irrelevant

*still not dead but catalogued
as a patient*

& feeling irrelevant is a way of staying healthy
forcibly hunting for what has vanished

bearing the mark of the house-girl
whose epigenetic backtalk is just a perverse tracing

hewn up from the rehearsal of being in a body
Outside there is desire & ceremony

& they must be acted upon
the house girl has done the emotional work of ceremony

so I can live life in the margins of desire
the lilies are in my mouth again & I'm ready for seduction

everyday I think about the filth of my inquiry
how to rule my body from her mouth

blood-flukes are in her throat again
& my eyes are falling out

to itemise each wallowing
or push back against the credibility of the linear model

the house girl is waking at 4am
with sad lungs and a feeling of impermanence

that is to say,
occupying the grief corner

*the uneasy stasis before agency
like territories unfolding*

it is a matter of the finer details, the Eve condition
the final line when there is no finish line

inexhaustible over action & inaction
in the hope of privileging the body's double coding

abuses in the woman-house
the knotty apology

that has failed the female for centuries
urges her to be self-detached

unwounded, the house girl develops
& recedes. in habitus

the charm itself is less than stable
a critical factor is knowledge of the hex

couldn't fit you in the same plot
yet my mouth is on your shirt

at dawn, I am just a sick body
tracing words to the moment I mouthed them first

sero-negative
serum tells us nothing except

we'll never again wear the clothes
we wore on diagnosis day

*the event inside favours the complex
joints: shoulders and knees*

at night, the house-girl reads about logic
to avoid the fallacies of possession

how many mouths have mouthed *change is coming*
in the hope of forming a new disposition

but logic only comes to the non-afflicted
& else operates in different realms

the men gather again with their own logic
tweezers to bone. stoic with the task

the house girl is stuck down
I am not sure if she is held

or holds herself
over-coding her screams

November stretches in both directions
my health is a forgery but nobody can see it

there is hiding the clapper bell
needles into the Earth's flesh

& needles into the body
they say: *try stay safe by separation*

my brothers give me a Schlag-ruthe
they already know I'm a water witch